

MODERN VIRTUE

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SATIRE. *24630 C. 5*
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Excutienda damus Præcordia - - - - - PERS.



L O N D O N :

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M. DCC. XLVI.

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MODERN VIRTUE

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SOAETIR

Essentialis domus P. scilicet --- Pars.

L O W D O W



M. D. C. L. V. I.

Printed for M. Cooper, at the Sign of the Sun in Pall-mall.



MODERN VIRTUE.

SATIRE.



ET venal Annals boast a *Cæsar's* Reign,
When *Rome's* great Genius hug'd th'
Freedom, gay Goddess, glads our happier
Peace smooths her Brow, as Plenty decks her Smile;
5 In every Son th' Inspirer lives confess'd,
And lights up all the Patriot in his Breast,
Breaths the same social Warmth from Soul to Soul,
Till widening Nature pants but for a Whole.
Shines

St

" Shines he in Life's meridian Beam display'd,

10 " Or gives his milder Virtues to the Shade ;

" Glares the proud Ribbon, nods the martial Crest,

" Or haunts the Tatters on his motley Vest,

" The Godlike *Briton* fills his every Sphere

" Without a Frailty, and without a Fear.

15 " If rich : Bright Image of th' eternal Mind,

" His opening Bosom takes in all Mankind ;

" Where'er he comes, Health triumphs o'er Disease,

" Hope glads Despair, and Anguish melts to Ease.

" Is Knowledge his ? He lends his every Art,

20 " To rear the Genius and to mould the Heart ;

" Fondly pursues with *Boyle's* auspicious Blaze

" Truth thro' her Masques, and Nature thro' her Maze ;

" To heedless Justice gives the well-poiz'd Scale,

" And raises Commerce as he guides the Sail.

25 " Is Pow'r his Orb ? He lives but to defend ;

" The Statesman only dignifies the Friend ;

" Till widening Nature pants for a Whole " Disarms

Disarms Oppression, prunes Ambition's Weed,
 " And stifles Faction e'er she darts her Sting;
 Enriches every Coffer but his own,
 30 " And shields the Cottage while he guards the Throne;
 " Sees at his Nod our plunder'd Rights restor'd,
 " And *Europe* trembling when he grasps the Sword.

Thus sung the Muse when Fancy vigorous ran,
 And warm'd the Youth, e'er Reason form'd the Man;
 35 Life thro' Opinion's false Perspective seen,
 With mimic Beauty glow'd in every Scene;
 Dress'd in an Angel's visionary Form,
 Vice aim'd to please, and Madness learn'd to charm:
 Rebellion soften'd into public Love,
 40 And each enormous Villain seem'd a Jove;
 Doubly deceiv'd, what *Lelius* cou'd I find
 To chase the Phantoms, or to free the Mind?
 No *Lelius* came, no Seraph lent his Aid,
 No pitying *Genius* whisper'd in the Glade;

chane'd that VIRTUE heard th' untutor'd Lays,
 All madly lisping with the Voice of Praise,
 She heard, as thro' the *Mall* the Goddess stray'd,
 When the gay World had peopled all the Shade,
 Mild as the Softness of a vernal Sky,
 50 Youth flush'd her Cheek, while Caution arm'd her Eye;
 Half-loose Majestic flow'd her azure Vest,
 A spotless Ruby bled upon her Breast.
 At every Step kind Nature felt her Pow'r,
 Soft blew the Zephyr, and soft sprung the Flow'r;
 55 A brighter Freshness hung on every Green,
 And a new *Eden* stole upon the Scene.

Awhile she paus'd, and with a Frown survey'd
 The mingling Swarm of Tatters and Brocade,
 When, as the Goddess wav'd th' Ætherial Spear,
 60 Pride dropt her Smile, and Artifice her Tear;
 Lust threw aside Religion's borrow'd Grace,
 A leering Satyr gloated in her Face;

The

The Prude, who fainted at the Name of Vice,
 Now hug'd the Bottle, and now grasp'd the Dice;
 65 While tortur'd with the Town's obscener Ail,
 A Saint stood melting o'er a luscious Tale.
 Here, the Bribe glitter'd in a Courtier's Hand;
 There, the grave Patriot bellow'd ——— for a Wand;
 Full in his Eye th' enchanting Object hung,
 70 And dying Freedom gasp'd upon his Tongue.
 All who to *Drury's* deadly Stews resort,
 Rob at the Change, or plunder in the Court,
 Strip'd of their Masques in wild Disorder rose;
 One with a Halter, one without a Nose;
 75 So odly mix'd, so excellently ill,
 Such motly Spectres of *Quevedo's* Hell;
 They'd make a Jesuite quit th' absolving Chair,
 A Brothel tremble, and a Conclave stare.

So when, where *Bedlam's* air-dress'd Visions dwell,
 80 *Tom* stalks a straw-crown'd Monarch in his Cell;

But

Just

Just as he soars tremendous to a God,
 And the wing'd Thunder only waits his Nod;
 Shud'ring, he hears his Keeper's surly Tone,
 He hears, and Horror wraps his tott'ring Throne;
 85 Crowns drop their Lustre, Scepters lose their Awe,
 Robes fly to Rags, and Empires sink to Straw.

"Learn hence, fair VIRTUE cry'd, mistaken Youth,
 "What various Monsters wear the Guise of Truth.
 "Deck'd with each Grace, immortal Merit shews
 90 "The Cheek that reddens, and the Soul that glows;
 "With Heav'n's own Image beaming in his Eye,
 "Man smiles a Dagger, and he looks a Lie."
 She spoke, and lo! the long-misguided Fire,
 With every Number, slept along the Lyre.

95 Say then, my Friend! whose Virtues are my Pride,
 Whose Candour sooths me, while thy Precepts guide;
 Thou whose quick Eye has look'd thro' every Age,
 View'd every Scene, and studied every Sage;

Say,

Say, shall I praise th' Escutcheon's proud Record,
 100 When a lost *Brutus* sinks into a Lord?
 With fulsome Sing-song after Shadows run,
 And still mistake a Meteor for a Sun?
 Shall I be silent, while from Day to Day
Bellville in Bagnios revels Life away;
 105 Flagitious drops the Majesty of Pow'r
 In the mad Mischiefs of the midnight Hour;
 No Flat'rer left to daub, no Friend to aid,
 By Strumpets plunder'd, and by Wits betray'd?
 Rous'd at the Thought, keen Satire spurns her Chain,
 110 Springs with new Life, and pants in every Vein,
 On Vice impatient, wreaks her gath'ring Rage,
 And bids the Tyrant bleed thro' all the Page,
 Broods she in Purple o'er the venal Bar,
 Struts in a Gown, or blazes in a Star;
 115 My Pen shall trace her out from Slave to Slave,
 Nor dares Oblivion screen her in the Grave.

Come then, ye self-curs'd Atheists! who degrade
 Truth to a Sound, and Scripture to a Trade,
 Ye bearded Sycophants! who Life supply
 120 With the warm Sun-shine of a Minion's Eye:
 Ye *French* Editions of a *British* Fool;
 'Abroad a Cypher, and at Home, a Fool!
 Ye:—

FRIEND.

Are you mad? or have you lost all Grace?
 125 What, write a Satire when you want a Place!
 Hold, hold, for God's Sake, e'er your Friends bestow
 A few stout Cords, and send you to *Monra*.*

Wou'd you avoid the Pedant's learned Sneer?
 Awe the pert Fop? or sooth a Doctor's Ear?
 130 Heedless of all the phantom Sisters play'd,
 From cloud-topt *Pindus* to the *Latian* Shade,
 Pursue deep Science thro' her mazy Road,
 Hunt every Page, and crawl from Code to Code;

Where

* Physician to *Bethlem* Hospital.

Where musty Systems solid Joy dispense,
 135 And wise *Smiglecius* fills the Void of Sense;
 Or proud some more important Truths to learn,
 Dream o'er the labour'd Glossaries of *H- - - n* :
 So you may live, approv'd, *perhaps* prefer'd,
 Your Wisdom gravely measur'd by your Beard.
 140 But soft — Your Aim's to civilize Mankind,
 To wake each social Virtue of the Mind ;
 To strip from Vice the gay Disguise of Art,
 And bare the Villain lurking in the Heart ;
 For this you grasp the Falchion, spread the Shield,
 145 A pigmy *Quixot* in the 'list'd Field.

Time was, when Satire delicately nice
 Cou'd rouse each Virtue, and cou'd blast each Vice ;
 Truth learn'd to please from *Æsop's* fabling Tongue,
 And *Rome* grew virtuous when her *Ennius* sung.
 150 Once lost to Goodness, but now lost to Shame,
 We court Dishonour, as we laugh'd at Fame ;

With

With the same Raptures plunge in ev'ry Grime,
 Tho' fifty *Oldhams* stab in ev'ry Rhime.

A native Sin each vigorous *Frenchman* hails,
 155 Politely partial to his own *Versailles*.

There, *toujours gai*, he loves a looser Rein;
 His Mifs, *la Comtesse*, and his Wine *Champagne*,
Britain, more generous, every Vice provides,
 That *Europe* ripens, and that *Asia* hides.

160 Th' enormous Harvest to our Ports consign'd,
 Loads every Ship, and busies every Wind.

Soon a vast Group of Follies croud the Shore,
 As soon they cloy.—Fly hence, and fetch us more,
 Quick spread th' impatient Sail from Pole to Pole,

165 Ye Zephyrs, waft her! and ye Oceans, roll!

Strike whom you please, & write whate'er you will,
Harpax will cheat, and *Phillis* hide *Spadille*.

Hircus in Brothels impotently toil,

And *Verres* murder Merit with a Smile:

170 Murder,

170. Murder, secure of Fame, for vulgar Eyes
 Will still adore him, tho' the Good despise;
 At his rich Coat and gorgeous Chariot gaze,
 And lose at once th' *Assassin* in the Blaze.

E'en *Young* himself, distinguish'd, lov'd, carest,
 175 Mark'd by each Eye, and hugg'd to every Breast,
 Sees he among this vicious Race of Men
 One Rascal mended when he grasps the Pen?
 Still at the Levée swarms the venal Tribe,
 And still Corruption longs for every Bribe.

AUTHOR.

180 What then? If Vice unblushing hears the Sage,
 Shall Reason struggle in the Check of Age?
 Shall Truth shut up in Complaisance her Heart,
Young lend a Smile, and Satire drop her Dart?
 No, let the Fiend like Heads of *Hydra* grow,
 185 Rise as he strikes, and double from the Blow;

One honest Drudge our *Hercules* has found,
To fear the Monster sprouting in the Wound.

Come, come, my Friend! throw off this rising Frown,
Nor curb my Passions while you loose your own.
190 Oft have you bid proud *Thraso* mend his Life,
Who kick'd a Sister, and who starv'd a Wife.
Nay, insolently dar'd to tell her Grace,
That Virtue made a Goddess, not the Face.

F R I E N D.

When brisker Spirits thro' the Bosom roll,
195 And Life's mad Tumult rushes on the Soul;
Each beardless *Cato* wings with awkward Zeal,
His little Arrow e'er he learns to feel;
Fierce as old *Appius*, apes th' insulting Air,
Th'uplifted Eye-brow, and the lordly Stare.
200 So I---- But now that Age with smooth Career
Wafts cooler Notions on my sixtieth Year;

Loft

Lost to each Hope, each visionary Joy,
 Poms that disturb, and Vanities that cloy;
 Heedless what Wit's cashier'd, what Fool's carest,
 205 Who lives an Hero, or who lives a Jest,
 I view the World's romantic Scene pass by,
 And stifle all my Anger in a Sigh.

While thus my Days steal on the Wing of Time,
 Unstain'd by Wit, and guiltless of a Rhime,
 210 Unnumber'd Ills the dreaded Sat'rist wait,
 Stand fast, *Olympus!* and support him, Fate!
 See! frantic Dulness panting for the War,
 Grasps the keen Spear, and mounts th' imperial Car,
 Shrill Clarions sound, attending Furies yell,
 215 The length'ning Echo howls thro' ev'ry Cell;
 Rous'd by th'inspiring Clang, each mighty Son
 Congenial Offspring of his Sire, the *Hun*,
 Slides from his Garret formidably gay,
 An human Vulture darting on his Prey.

220 All they whose Science leads th' incumber'd Stall,
 Who wound the Wainscot, and who daub the Wall,
 Luxurious Rogues, that revel once a Week
 On the rich Feast of Visto's and Ox-Cheek;
 From the soft Lyric to the Wretch who squalls
 225 The Mint-born Ballad at the End of *Paul's*,
 Around the Flag in martial Pomp appear,
 C--- in the Van, and O--- in the Rear.
 Th' impatient Battle joins, and lo! at once
 The same wild Phrenzy spreads from Dunce to Dunce;
 230 Fir'd with one Soul, the shirtless Legions run,
 One hurls a Journal, and one darts a Pun,
 In snap-snap Prose vindictive Lightnings play,
 And loud hoarse Thunders rattle thro' the Lay.
 Quick and more quick, the dire discordant Din
 235 Rolls thro' each Hall, and roars from Inn to Inn;
 Wakes the loud Horrors of the wrangling School,
 Where *Priscian* bawls, and Fool re-echoes Fool.

But

But should you all the mighty Mad defeat,
 Who howl in *Bedlam*, and who stun the *Fleet*,
 240 See the pert Critick tremble to engage,
 Wit blunt her Sting, and Envy drop her Rage;
 Yet can poor Innocence to Mercy awe
 Those deadlier Pests, the *Harpies* of the Law?
 Another P——n shields each worthless Lord,
 245 Arms the dread Scourge, & whets th' avenging Sword,
 Where he, great Genius! throws his letter'd Eye,
 Truth stares a Libel, Honesty a Lie,
 Young Embryo Treasons in each Period shine,
 And fancy'd Poisons kill thro' every Line.
 250 He sure will curb you, tho' my Precepts fail,
 No *Storic* bullies when he smells a Jail,
 Conscious that Wisdom mounts her Throne too late,
 When doom'd to warble *Ethicks* thro' a Grate.

A U T H O R.

Speak you of *Claudius*? Let the Minion rave,
 255 Say *P——*'s a Fool, and *Lill——*'s a Knave,

Call Wit a Libel, and yet never see
 Swords in a Brief, or Poisons in a Fee,
 But from my Soul all Scandal I detest,
 Truth forms my Numbers, as she warms my Breast,
 260 Learns me to triumph o'er a Pimp's Disdain,
 And bids me laugh, when *Claudius* threatens the Chain.

What, shall I strive to dignify Disgrace?
 And hail a Patriot less'ning in a Place?
 Rear the proud Trophy on a Soldier's Grave,
 265 Who liv'd a Coward; and who dy'd a Slave?
 Shall I on Vice's Pageantry attend,
 Crowd to her Car, and at her Altars bend?
 Rather, where *Indian* Suns their Rays unfold,
 And ripen half *Potosi* into Gold,
 270 Let me beneath a *Spaniard's* Insult pine,
 Crouch to the Scourge, & drudge from Mine to Mine.

Yet is there one, my Friend! who shines confess'd
 With all that Heaven stamps upon the Breast,

Who

Who nobly conscious of paternal Fire,
 275 Feeds the bright Blaze, and beams upon his Sire.
 Mine be the Task to swell from Day to Day
 Th' applauding Pæan, and the loud Huzza;
 To bid our Sons with filial Fondness warm,
 Eye every Grace, and copy every Charm;
 280 Explore his Purpose, catch his God-like Rage,
 And be the *Maltons* of another Age.
 My Verse, you say, will certainly offend.
 Who? not the Man whom Virtue calls her Friend,
 Virtue, like Gold, of genuine Worth possess'd,
 285 Shines out more radiant when she dares the Test,
 Swords arm her Bosom, Racks her Vigour raise,
 And all Hell's Fires but give her Strength to blaze.
 Can Truth then hurt her? wound her sacred Ear?
 Wake the keen Pang? or rouse th'impassion'd Tear?
 290 'Tis true, the selfish mercenary Train,
 Whom Honours libel, and whom Titles stain,

Struck

Struck with the Face in Satire's Mirror shown,
 Perhaps may tremble, and perhaps may frown.
 Thanks to their Rage, my Days will happier flow,
 295 And my Joys brighten when a Knave's my Foe.

Yet think not that the Muse, to Spleen resign'd,
 Aims Monster-like to swallow up Mankind,
 Bids her keen Shafts with baleful Vengeance fly,
 Taint the pure Breeze, and poison half the Sky,
 300 Or fond to spread Destruction thro' the Land,
 Exults with *Nero* as she lights the Brand;
 With honest Warmth she wishes to controul
 Each deadly Weed that blossoms on the Soul,
 That wildly vigorous mocks at Virtue's Toil,
 305 That chokes the Scion, and that robs the Soil;
 But, sadly conscious that just Heav'n has made
 Each Grace to border on its kindred Shade;
 That in the Gem some fallying Vein will run,
 And the Disk darken while there shines a Sun;
 The

310 The melting Image gains upon her Heart,
And spite of Justice half disarms the Dart.

Oh! let me then in FABLE'S Empire rove,
Where talks the Forest, and where laughs the Grove;
Attend the Goddess thro' her airy Scene,
315 Her Pictures borrow, and her Morals glean;
From Wolves and Lions draw th' instructive Tale,
And hide the Glare of Reason in a Veil.

Blest be the Thought. *Here* guiltless of Offence,
Dispassion'd Truth may sneer you into Sense;
320 On vicious Men her whole Artillery play,
Sublimely grave, or whimsically gay;
'Thro' the wide World in moral Vision range,
Glide thro' the *Court*, and steal upon the *Change*;
Lust's rampant Empress keenly-ey'd pursue,
325 Or opening in her *Paphos*, or the Stew.
Lethargic Justice on the Bench assail,
Edge the dull Sword, and poise th' unequal Scale:

With

With *Rabbi's* Jest display th' officious Knave;
 In Life's mad Vortex whirling to the Grave;
 330 Point at Opinion's self-embroider'd Vest,
 Folly's gay Plume, and Pride's enormous Crest,
 Each Frenzy mortify, each Vice confound,
 And Self-Conviction only feel the Wound.

49

And hide the Quid of Reason in a Veil;
 I S I N I S

Else be the Thought. How guilts of Offence;
 Disposition'd Truth, you into Sane;
 On vicious Men, play;
 340 I pro, the wife, Vision range;
 Glide thro' the Court, upon the Change;
 Lust's rampant Empire, keenly-eyed pursue;
 345 Or opening in her Ropes, or the Crew.
 I etheatic Justice on the Bench assail,
 Edge the dull Sword, and point to, unequal Scale;

With